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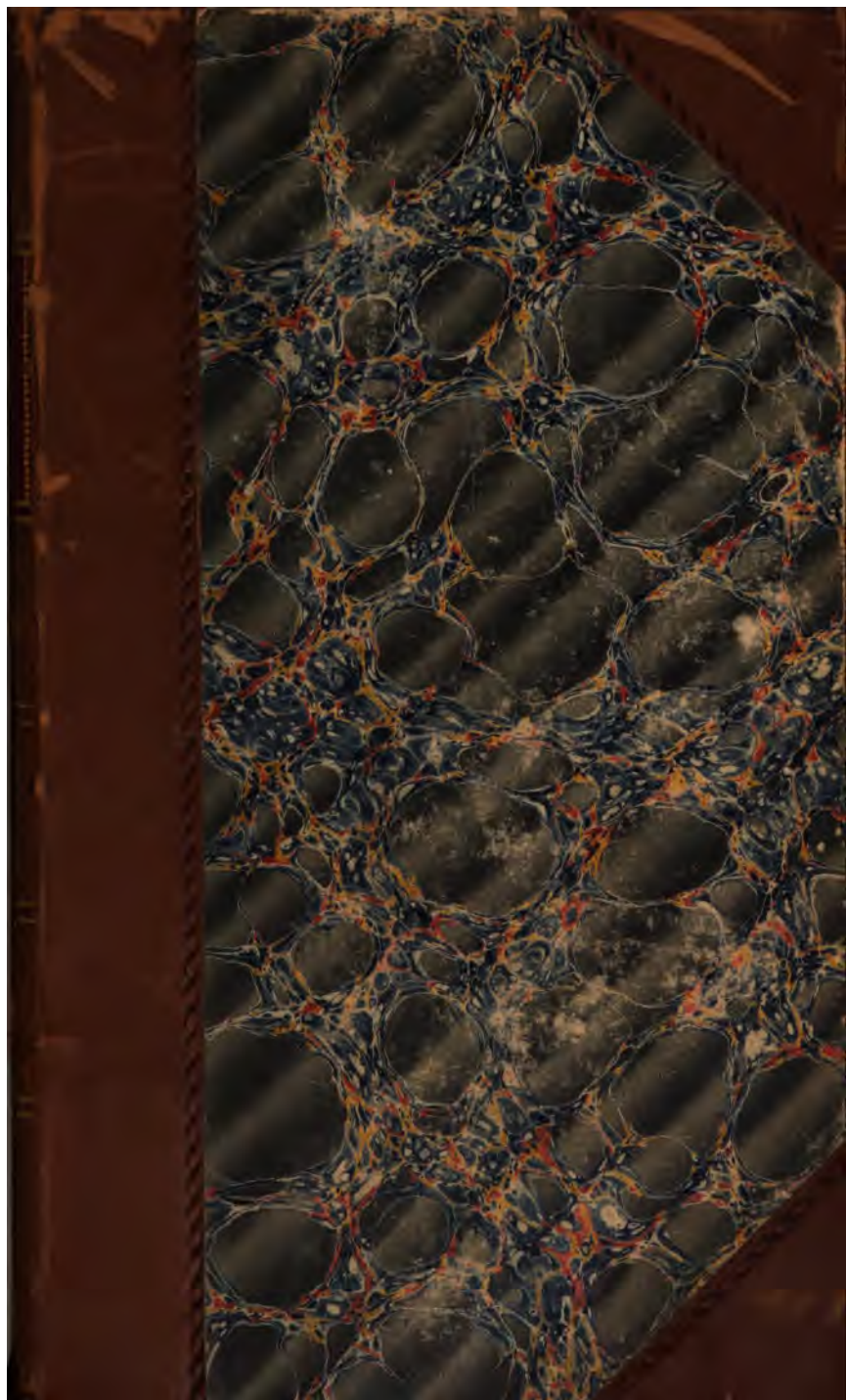
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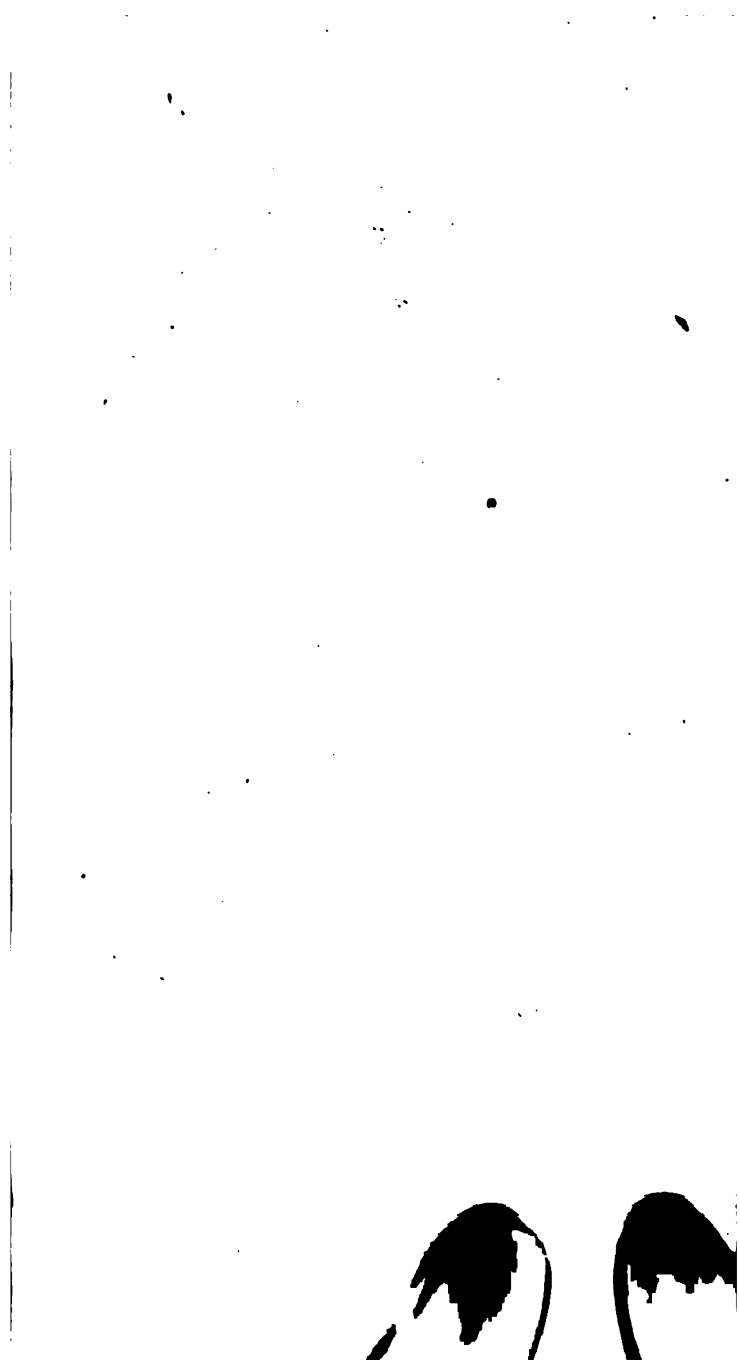


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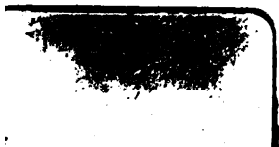




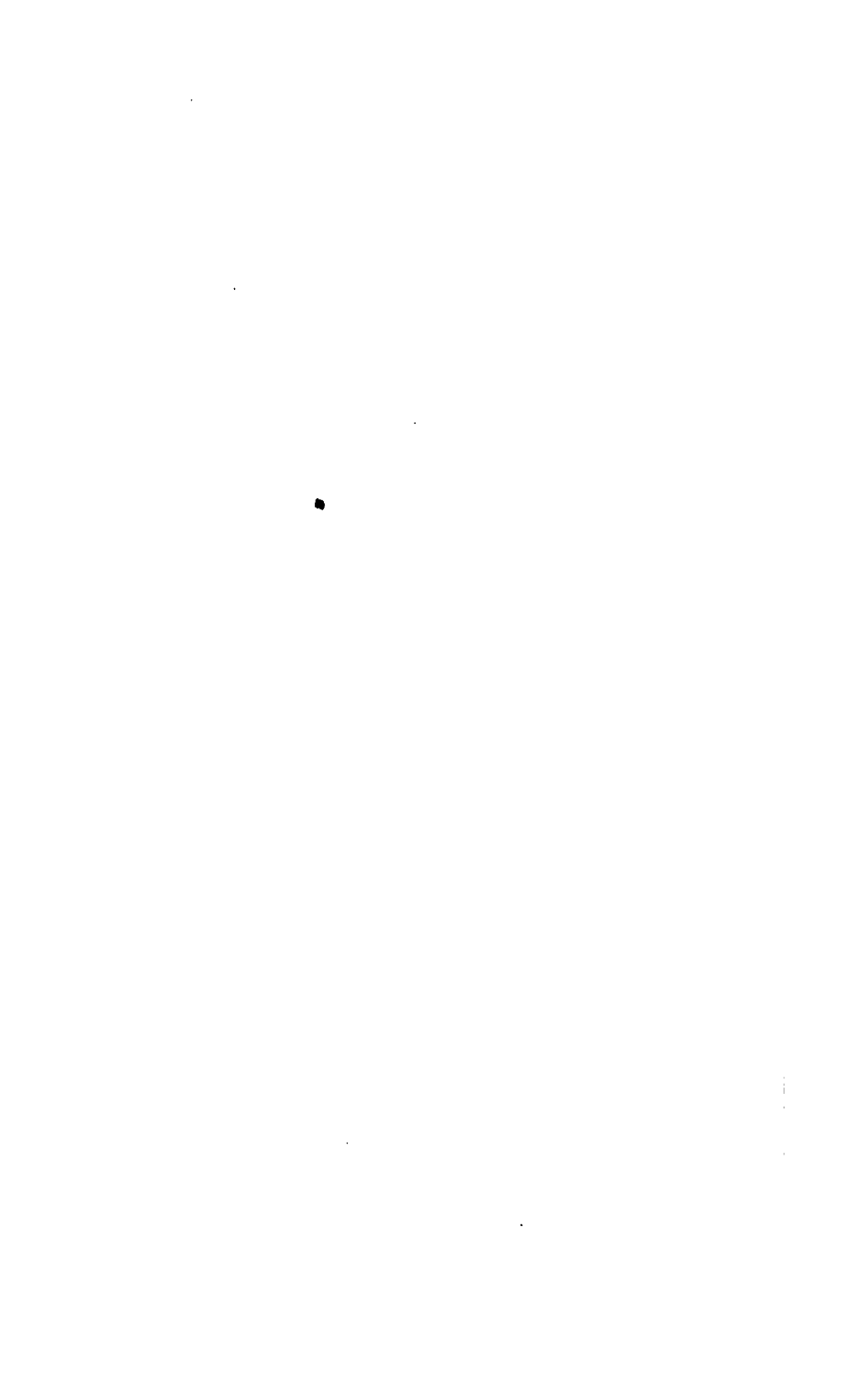
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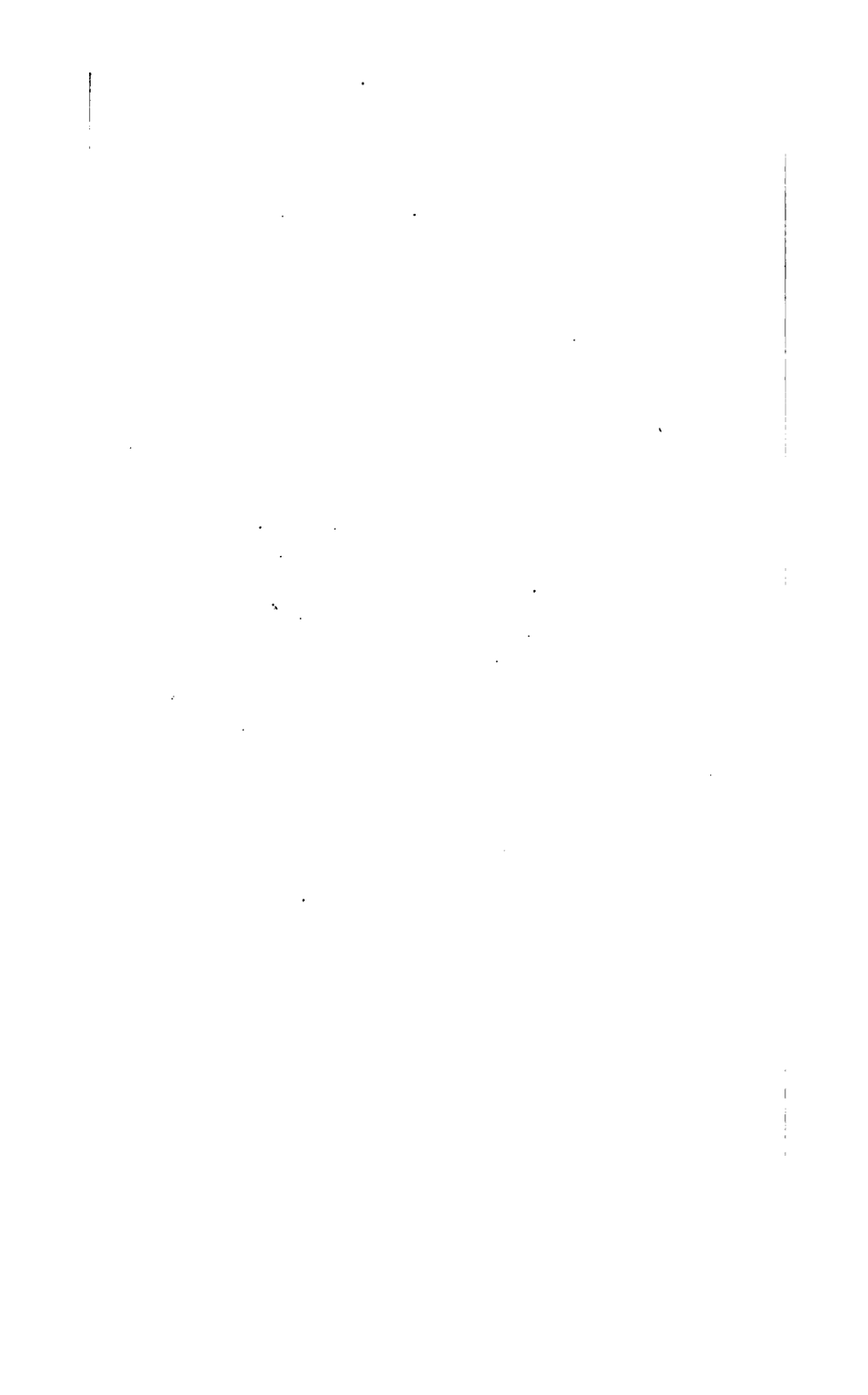
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THE

S.H.-1830

THRASHER;

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT MOORHOUSE.

O Poverty! relentless guest,
That 'long hast shar'd my humble meal,
Give to my wearied spirit rest,
Nor longer on my comforts steal.
Not for myself thy frowns I fear:
But when my smiling babes I see,
I feel the heavy chains I wear,
And feel that they are forg'd by thee.



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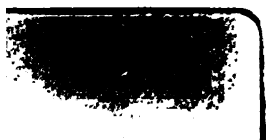
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SOME apology is necessary to my friends who have kindly favoured me with their names as subscribers to my little work, for the delay of publication; and yet, if I were to be minute in stating the reasons, I fear I should be tedious; it shall therefore suffice, on this occasion, to say, that circumstances of a very afflictive and painful nature, over which I could have no control, have prevented me from fulfilling my intentions.

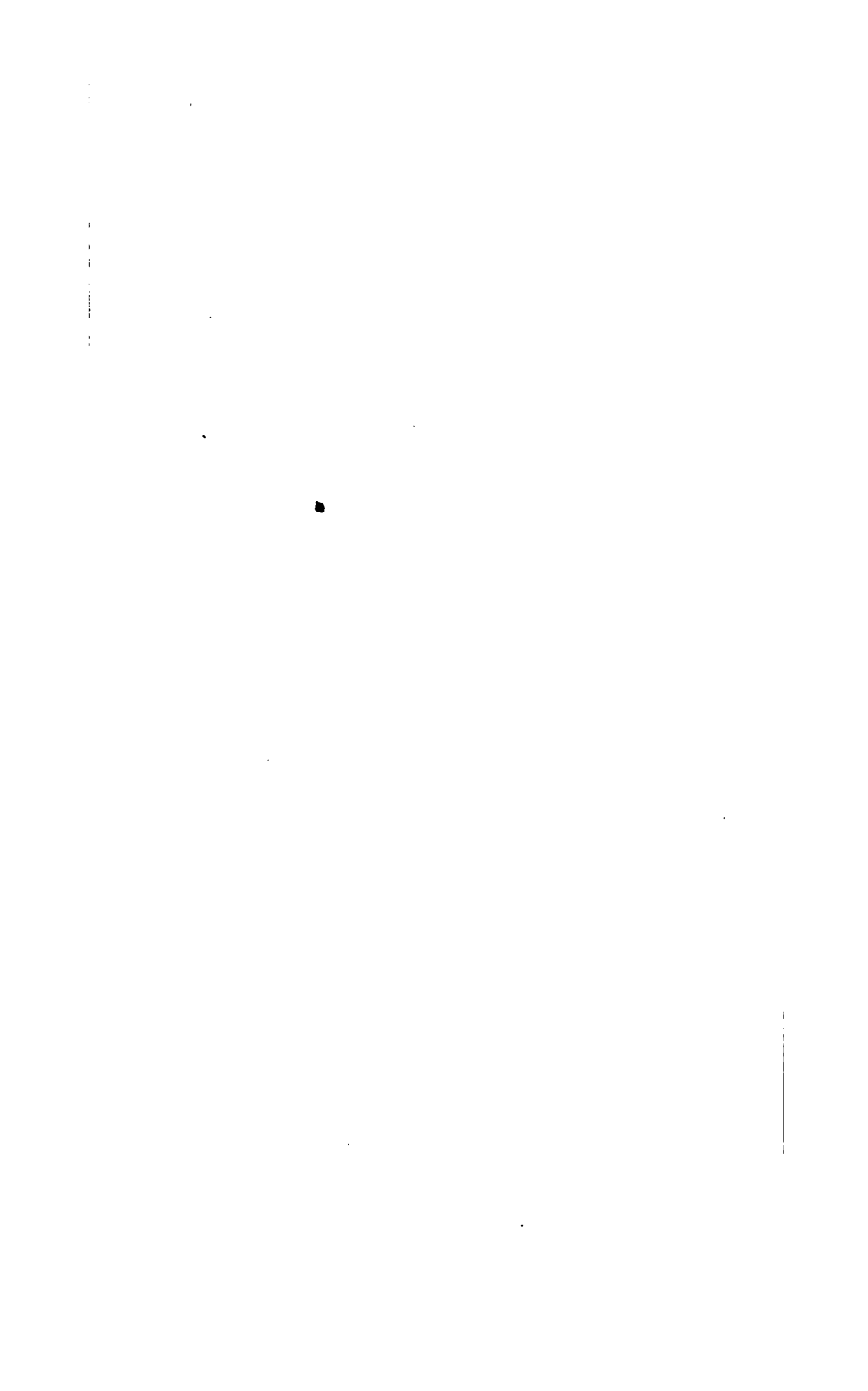
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THE THRASHER,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



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THE THRASHER.

PART I.

THE thankful tribute of these rural lays,
Which to his patron's hand the muse conveys,
Is due to Him who gives me power to sing,
And gratefully would I my offering bring
To Him, whose mighty power attunes my voice,
And bids me, 'midst my poverty, rejoice:
Inspir'd by Him, I would myself prepare,
To view the toils of each revolving year;
Those painful toils, which always grow anew,
Which the poor Thrasher's destin'd to pursue;
E'en these, with faithfulness I would rehearse,
To blend instruction with my humble verse.

PART II.

SOON as the golden harvest quits the plain,
And Ceres' gifts reward the farmer's pain ;
What corn each sheaf will yield intent to hear,
And guess from thence the profits of the year,
He calls his reapers forth—around they stand,
With great attention waiting his command ;
To each their task he readily divides,
And pointing to their different duties, guides :
As he directs, to distant barns they go,
Here some for wheat, and some for barley throw :
But first, to shew what he expects to find,
These words (or words like these) disclose his
mind,—

“ So dry the corn ~~was~~ carried from the field,

“ So easily 'twill thrash, so well 'twill yield—

“ Sure full days' work I well may hope for
now,

“ Come, strip and try, and see what you can do.”

Divested of their coats, with flail in hand,
At proper distance, front to front they stand ;
And first, the thrashel's gentle swing to prove,
Whether with just exactness it will move ;
That once secure, they swiftly whirl them
round ;
From the strong planks, their crab-tree staves
rebound ;
The echoing barns return the rattling sound :
Now in the air their knotty weapons fly,
And now with equal force descend from high ;
Down one, one up, so well they keep their time,
The Cyclops' hammer could no truer chime ;
Nor with more heavy strokes could Etna groan,
When Vulcan forg'd the arms for Thetis' son.
In briny streams the sweat descends apace,
Drops from their locks, and trickles down their
face ;
No intermission in their work they know,
The noisy thrashel must unceasing go.

Their master absent, others safely play,
The sleeping thrashel does itself betray;
Nor yet the tedious labour to beguile,
And make the passing minutes sweetly smile,
Can they, like shepherds, tell a merry tale,
Their voice is lost, drown'd by the louder flail.
But they may think: alas! what pleasing
 thing,
E'er to the mind can the dull fancy bring;
Their eye beholds no pleasing objects there,
No cheerful sound directs their listening ear,
The shepherd well may tune his voice to sing,
Inspir'd with all the beauties of the spring:
No fountains murmur there, no lambkins play,
No linnets warble, and no fields look gay;
'Tis all a gloomy, melancholy scene,
Fit only to provoke the muse's spleen.
When sooty pease they thrash, we scarce can
 know
Their native colour, as from work they go;

The sweat, the dust, and suffocating smoke,
Make them so much like Ethiopians look.
Week after week they this dull task pursue,
Unless when winnowing days produce a new:
A new indeed! but frequently a worse;
The thrashel yields but to the master's curse:
He counts the bushels—counts how much a day;
Then swears they've idled half their time away,—
“Why look, ye rogues, d'ye think that this will
do?

• “Your neighbours thrash as much again as
you.”

Now in their hands they wish the noisy tools,
To drown the hated sound of rogues and fools;
But wanting these, they just like school-boys
look,

When angry masters view their blotted book,
Who cry, “The ink was faulty, and their pen;”
These cry, “The corn thrash'd bad, 'twas cut too
green.”

PART III.

WHEN dreary Winter hides his hoary head,
And Nature's face is with new beauty spread,
The lovely Spring appears; refreshing showers
Now clothe the fields with grass and blooming
flowers.

Next her the glowing Summer presses on,
And Sol begins his longest race to run:
Before the door the welcome farmer stands,
Tells them the ripen'd grass requires their hands;
The grateful tidings presently imparts
Life to their looks, and spirit to their hearts;
They wish the happy season may be fair,
And, joyful, long to breathe the cheerful air.
This change of labour seems to give such ease;
With thoughts of happiness, themselves they
please:

But ah! we find no happiness complete,
There's always bitter mingled with the sweet.

When first the lark sings sweetly to the day,
They rise, admonish'd by his early lay;
This new employ with eager haste to try,
The change of labour proves so much their joy:
Alas! that human joys should change so soon,
Their morning pleasure turns to pain at noon.
The birds salute them as to work they go,
And with new life their bosoms seem to glow;
On their right shoulder hangs the crooked blade,
The weapon destin'd to unclothe the mead;
Their left supports the whetstone, scrip, and
 beer,
This for their scythes—and these themselves to
 cheer.
And now the field design'd to try their might,
At length appears, and meets their longing
 sight;
The grass and ground they view with careful
 eyes,
To see which way the best advantage lies;

And hero like, each claims the foremost place ;
And now their labour seems a sportive race :
With rapid force, their sharpen'd blade they
drive,
Strain every nerve, and blow for blow they strive ;
Each strives to conquer, though the victor gains
No other glory but the greatest pains :
But when the scorching sun is mounted high,
And no kind barn with friendly shade is nigh,
Their clogged scythes entangled in the grass,
While streams of sweat run trickling down apace ;
Their sportive labour they too late lament,
And wish that strength again they vainly spent :
But lo ! that strength which they so vainly lost,
Will not return without much pain and cost.

PART IV.

THUS in the morn a courser, have I seen,
With headlong fury scour the level green ;

Or mount the hills, if hills were in the way,
As if no labour could his fire allay ;
Till Phœbus shining with a noontide heat,
Has bath'd his sides in foaming—briny sweat ;
The lengthen'd chace scarce able to sustain,
He measures back the hills and dales with pain.
With heat and labour tir'd, their scythes they
quit,

Search out a shady tree, and down they sit ;
From scrip and bottle hope new strength to gain,
But scrip, and bottle too, are tried in vain :
Down their parch'd throats they scarce the bread
can get,

And, quite o'erspent with toil and fainting heat,
The bottle try ; it will not strength recall,
The bottle and the beer are both too small :
Time flows again, they rise from off the grass,
Again each mower takes his proper place ;
Not eager now, as late, their strength to prove,
But all contented regular to move.

They often whet, and often view the sun,
And often wish his tedious race was run ;
At length he veils his purple face from sight,
And bids the tired labourers good-night ;
Then home they go, but, spent so much with toil,
They slowly walk, and rest at every stile ;
Their good expecting wives, who think they stay,
Come to the door to meet them on the way ;
Then from the pot the dumpling's catch'd in
 haste,
And quickly they with joy the bacon taste :
Supper and sleep by morn new strength supply,
And out they set again their strength to try ;
But not so early quite, nor quite so fast,
As, to their cost, they did the morning past.

PART V.

SOON as the rising sun has drunk the dew,
Another scene is open to their view ;—

The master comes, and at his heels a throng
Of prattling females arm'd with rake and prong,
Prepar'd, while he is here, to make his hay,
But if he turns his back, prepar'd to play;
But here, or gone, sure of this comfort still—
There's company, and they may chat their fill.—
Ah! were their hands as active as their tongues,
How nimbly then would move the rake and
prongs!

The grass again is spread upon the ground,
Till not a vacant place is to be found;
And, while the parching sun-beams on it shine,
They all have time enough allow'd to dine;
That soon dispatch'd, they still sit on the ground,
And the brisk chat, renew'd afresh, goes round;
All talk at once, but seeming all to fear
That what they speak the rest will hardly
hear;
Till, by degrees, so high their notes they strain,
A stander-by can nought distinguish plain;

So loud their notes, and so confus'd their noise,
Scarce puzzled echo can return the voice ;
Yet spite of this they bravely all go on,
All scorn to be, or seem to be, outdone.—
Meanwhile, the changing sky begins to lower,
And hollow winds proclaim a sudden shower ;
The tattling crowd can scarce their garments
gain,
Before descends the thick impetuous rain :—
Thus have I seen, on a bright summer's day,
On some green brake, a flock of sparrows play ;
From twig to twig, from bush to bush, they fly,
And with continued chirping fill the sky ;
But, on a sudden, if a storm appears,
Their chirping noise no longer fills our ears ;
They fly for shelter to the thickest bush,
There perch themselves, and quickly all is
hush :—
But better fate succeeds this rainy day,
And little labour serves to make the hay :

Fast as 'tis cut, so kindly shines the sun,
Turn'd once, or twice, the pleasing work is
done:

Next day, the cocks appear in equal rows,
Which the glad master in safe ricks bestows.
Back to the barns the labourers are sent,
Where lately so much time they pensive spent;
Not pensive now—they bless the friendly
shade,
And to avoid the parching sun are glad;
Yet little time they in the shade remain,
Before their master calls them forth again.

PART VI.

ALL-HAIL! for harvest now yourselves pre-
pare,

The ripen'd harvest now demands your care;
Get all things ready, and be quickly dress'd,
Early next morn I shall disturb your rest:

Strict to his word—for scarce the dawn appears,
Before his hasty summons fills their ears:—
His hasty summons they obey, and rise
While yet the stars are twinkling in the skies.
With him, their guide, they to the wheat-field
go,

He to appoint—but they the work to do.—
Ye reapers, cast your eyes around the field,
And view the pleasing scene its beauties yield;
Then look again with an attentive eye,
And think how soon it must in ruin lie;
For once set in, where'er their course they deal,
There's no resisting of the well-whet steel;
But here or there, where'er their course they
bend,

Sure desolation does their steps attend:—
Thus, when Arabia's sons, in hopes of prey,
To some more fertile country bent their way,
How beauteous all things in the morn appear,
Where rural cots and pleasant villas cheer;

So many grateful objects meet the sight,
The ravish'd eye is fix'd with great delight;
But long ere night, where'er their troops have
pass'd,

Those pleasing objects lie a gloomy waste.—
The morning past, they sweat beneath the
sun,

And but uneasily their work goes on;
Before them, they perplexing thistles find,
And corn, blown adverse by the ruffling wind,
Behind, their master stands; and if he spies
One charitable ear, he grudging cries—
“Ye scatter half your wages o'er the land—”
Then scrapes the stubble with his greedy hand.
Let those who feast at home, and daily rest,
Pity the reapers, who are not so blest:
The labourer must toil and sweat his brow;
No self-indulgence can his state allow;
Each morning early rise, and late to bed,
And short repose, to rest the weary head.

PART VII.

AGAIN they rise, the bearded crops to claim,
Soon Phœbus' rays well dry the golden grain;
Pleas'd with the scene, the farmer glows with
joy,

Bids them for carrying all their force employ:—
When straight, confusion o'er the field appears,
And stunning clamours fill the workmen's ears;
The lads their lashing whips alternate sound,
And rattling waggons thunder o'er the ground.
The wheat soon carried—pease, and other
grain,

Are now secur'd, and leave a fruitless plain;
In noisy triumph the last load moves on,
And loud huzzas proclaim the harvest done!
The farmer, joyful at the pleasing sight,
Invites them all to feast with him at night:—
The table plentifully spread they find,
And jugs of freshening ale to cheer the mind;

Which he, so generóus, pushes round so fast,
They think no toil's to come, nor mind the past:
But the next morning soon reveals the cheat,
When the same toils again they must repeat;
To the dull barns must back again return,
And labouring there, make room for next year's
corn.

Thus, as the year's revolving course goes round,
No respite for the labourer can be found;
Like Sisyphus, their work is never done,
Unceasingly rolls back the restless stone:
New rising labours still succeed the past,
And, such their nature, they must always last.
God speed the Plough, and grant to the Farmer,
Plenty of grain, to fill well the garner.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

AT Beauty's shrine while rakes and coxcombs
bow,

Thee, sober-suited matron, will I hail,
Though dusky clouds enwrap thy darken'd brow,
And sleep and silence o'er the world prevail.

How vain the wretch, who sees with careless eye
The wonders of the great Creator's power!
Whose time is spent in ease and luxury,
Charm'd with the fleeting gewgaws of an hour.

His fancied joys shall swiftly pass away,
As stubble flies before the sweeping blast;
His baseless hopes shall with his life decay,
And less than nothing shall appear at last.

At night, instructed then, my soul, be wise ;
While sots and rakes prepare themselves a rod,
O be it thine to read the spangled skies,
Where every twinkling star proclaims a God !

Serene in majesty, the queen of night,
Pale Luna, now ascends her silver wain ;
The plodding swains confess her friendly light,
And fleeting shadows skim the silent plain.

Through ether's fields portentous comets glare,
The lucid meteors fly, the planets roll ;
And to the conscious world His fame declare
Whose wisdom form'd and regulates the whole.

O, warm'd with contemplation's sacred fire,
Give me, great God ! thy wondrous works to
view ;
Teach me aright their beauties to admire,
To rise to thee, and virtue's path pursue !

That when these mortal eyes shall set in night,
My disencumber'd soul may wing her way,
To reap an endless harvest of delight,
In brightest realms of everlasting day.

ON THE CREATION.



To that great God, who lives above,
Whose temple is the skies,—
Whose altar's earth,—from every heart
Let grateful incense rise.

O Sacred Dove! my soul inspire
To praise his holy name;
Join, all ye saints, the hallow'd theme,
And celebrate his fame:—

Jehovah's fame—the God of might—
Who gave all nature birth,
Who fix'd the azure-curtain'd sky,
And form'd the sea-girt earth.

How great the skill that makes the spheres
Their different courses run !
How absolute the great command
That spake, and it was done !

All rude and destitute of form
The new creation lay,
Till God declar'd his sovereign will,
And usher'd in the day.

Resplendent in his wondrous sphere,
The glorious sun arose ;
The moon, and all the starry train,
Their various orbs disclose.

When o'er the wide and watery deep
He shook his awful rod,
The waters fled, the seas retir'd,
Obedient to their God.

His power created every fowl,
And all the reptile train,
The beasts that haunt the desert wood,
And fish that skim the main.

He bade the pregnant soil conceive,
And every plant take root;
When, lo! appear'd, (stupendous frame!)
The blossom and the fruit.

But last of all, his wondrous work,
And nobler than the whole,
He form'd the dust, and to that dust
He gave a living soul!

Join'd, fram'd, and fashion'd by his hand,
See wisdom in his heart,
To guide, to cherish, and direct
What nature's rules impart.

O great Creator! these thy works,
In universal songs,
Harmoniously proclaim the praise
That to thy name belongs.

Join, all ye saints enthron'd on high,
The great, the godlike theme;
Assist me, all ye hosts of heaven,
To laud the Power Supreme!

ON CHARITY.

THE plume that decks the warrior's brow
May steep a world in tears;
And Fame, adorn'd with radiance now,
Grow dim in after years:—

But thou, bright spirit, Charity,
Shalt bloom, for ever young,
And all the oppress'd shall cling to thee,
Thou loveliest child of song!

The tear that hangs on Famine's eye
Thy power shall wipe away;
The pang attending Sorrow's cry
Thy balmy name shall stay.

Yes, thou, bless'd grace, deriv'd from heaven,
Adorning every tongue,
As gentle zephyrs widely driven,
Shalt bless the old and young.

And when the last Destroyer's come,
Like desolating fire,
To sweep the mother from her home,
Her children and their sire, —

Then thou, bright spirit, Charity,
Shalt gather round the throng;
Deeply distress'd, they cling to thee,
Thou loveliest child of song!

O happy power, fair Charity!
Than Faith or Hope the best,
When they shall vanish, thou shalt be
For ever with the blest.

LINES

ON THE

Death of the Duchess of Rutland.

SHE lay upon the bed of death,
And dim that once bright eye ;
She drew a short and feeble breath,
She heav'd a deep, long sigh.

That sigh was yet upon the air,
And breath'd its fragrance round ;
In vain the zephyr linger'd near,
And sought another sound.

All sound was o'er, the soul was gone
In that last parting breath :
A smile upon her face yet shone,
And dimpled e'en in death.

It seem'd as if Death felt a fear,
To pierce so pure a heart,
And that sweet smile was meant to cheer,
And bid him aim the dart.

Then pour aloud the mournful strain,
Let sorrow's accents rise ;
We ne'er shall see that form again,
'Tis lost to mortal eyes.

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
Though fading from it fast ;
Her parted lips yet seem'd to speak,
The words they'd spoken last :

She'd seen a mourner kneeling near,
And "husband" faintly sigh'd ;
Religious fervour dried the tear,
"My God !" she said, and died.

The palace' brightest star she shone,
The villa's proudest boast;
And court, and grove, alike shall moan
The fair-one they have lost.

Her hand obey'd the call of woe,
As oft the afflicted felt;
While beauty sat upon her brow,
And told where mercy dwelt.

Thy name, fair Rutland, long will shine,
And bright thy memory show;
No monarch's eye shall scorn to join
Its tear with humble woe.

The grave is yawning for its prey,
And mocks our plaintive song;
The body's cloth'd in death's array,
And slowly borne along.

But hush ! what music peals along
The mansions of the blest ?
'Tis flights of angels' cheerful song,
That sing her to her rest.

A bright star lights the deathly gloom,
And though, beneath the sod,
Her lifeless body seeks the tomb,
Her soul is with her God.

Then cease the sad and mournful strain,
Let woe be heard no more ;
The angelic chorus sounds again,
Her mortal pain is o'er.

We yield thee, dearest RUTLAND,—go !—
And seek thy bosom's love :
Mount, spirit, from the realms of woe,
And find thy home above.

And yet we'll o'er thy relics bend,
Our weeping tribute pay;
And Charity bewail her friend,
For RUTLAND's pass'd away.

Religion kneels beside the tomb,
And Virtue marks the spot;
While Beauty sighs, immers'd in gloom,
Alas! alas! she's not.

THE WANDERER.

SEE, O see the life-bands sever,
Swiftly breaks the fragile chain!
Light and hope depart for ever,
Woe and darkness but remain.

Alternate heats and chilling stealing
Through the languid, palsied frame;
Starts and throes of anguish feeling,
Coming death too well proclaim.

Erst the Wanderer's peaceful dwelling
Friends would crowd around to bless;
Erst his heart, with rapture swelling,
Felt return'd the warm caress.

Now no roof, save heaven, above him
Meets his dim'd, despairing eye ;
Now away from all who love him,
Sad, he lays him down to die.

His harp is thrown beneath the willow,
None again its sounds shall hear ;
A tuft of grass becomes his pillow,
Earth, cold earth, his bed and bier.

The morning sun has risen brightly,
Smiling on the eastern wave ;
The morning breeze is sporting lightly,
And it wantons round his grave.

That grave is rudely form'd, and shallow,
O'er his breast the nightshade creeps ;
No kindred wept, his sod to hallow,
Little reck they where he sleeps.

Near his head the fountain gushes,
Sparkling in the summer beam ;
'Neath his feet the torrent rushes,
These alone have mourn'd for him.

PEACE.

O PEACE! of smiling lip, and look serene,
Whose gentle voice the breast of trouble
charms;
With all my soul I court thee, but in vain,
While envious care still frowns thee from my
arms.

Ah! I had hop'd thy lovely form to view,
Where on yon arbour breathes the blooming
rose;
But still the buzzing swarms of care pursue,
Nor suffer me to taste thy wish'd repose.

Thus the tir'd seaman on the swelling seas,
In distant prospect hails the rising land!

Now opens on his eye the port of peace,

His fond ideas tread the blissful strand ;

But still the howling storms and raging main,

To sea drive back his shatter'd bark again.

THE CLOSE OF EVENING.



THE eve's in dusky mantle drest,
The day's last gleam just streaks the west,
Till slowly sinking from the hills,
A spreading shade the prospect fills.

No sound to strike the ear doth move,
From rural pipe, or vocal grove ;
The flocks and herds to rest are gone,
The hamlet's wonted sports are done.

The milkmaid and her sunburnt swain,
In converse hie them home again ;
While more is heard the freshening breeze,
Among the lofty leaf-hung trees.

The sable clouds now close arrange,
As waiting for the coming change ;
With Luna and her train in sight,
And full-clos'd evening yields to night.

THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

Now in-door rustics 'mong themselves,
Converse of charms and fairy-elves;
Of witch who magic mischief reeks,
Or mighty ghost who justice seeks.

In brittle chains the streams are bound,
With fallen snow the hills are crown'd;
The trees where full plum'd warblers sung,
Are now with icy fingers hung.

The azure firmament so clear,
The fairer moon and stars appear;
Till darksome clouds their lights o'ercast,
And bleakly roars the northern blast.

The weary traveller on the road,
Now joys to find his night's abode;
To which he hastes, through drifting snows,
For shelter, warmth, and wish'd repose.

TO MY BED.

GREAT though thy different powers appear,
To raise the sigh, or check the tear ;
Replete with joy and sorrow :—
To-day thy bosom shall contain
Exulting pleasure's fleeting train—
Desponding grief to-morrow.

Yet, know—'tis not thy downy throne,
'Tis not thy soft embrace alone,
The troubled breast composes :—
Whatever dress thy shape adorns,
Tis vice that makes the bed of thorns,
And virtue that of roses.

ON THE SPRING.

WHEN smiling heaven the glorious birth at-
tends,
And eastern wind its chilling breath suspends,
The purple spring the blooming flowers displays,
And glowing Sol renews his fervent rays;
The lads and lasses pluck the lively flowers,
And fields are moisten'd with 'refreshing showers;
The leaves return, expell'd by winter's cold,
And shady trees their branches now unfold;
The boughs are green, the birds on bushes sing,
All nature teeming with returning spring;
The little linnet tunes his warbling note,
The thrush with sprightly accents swells her
throat;

The verdant meads produce their pleasing crops,
And swallows twitter round the chimney tops ;
The shepherds now repeat their sylvan strains,
While gently pacing o'er the flowery plains ;
Their joyous accents echo through the grove,
And every zephyr breathes its peaceful love.

TO A FRIEND.

So fond the world's applause to gain,
Say, will the object clear the cost?
What you with endless toil obtain,
May, in one moment, all be lost.

Fame oft is like a vernal flower,
Which sheds awhile a sweet perfume;
But time may shake it from its bower,
Or envy blast the blushing bloom.

Virtue will flourish fresh and fair,
In the bright gardens of the sky;
Old Time can never enter there,
And envy cannot soar so high.

STANZAS

*Written on Dudley Castle, Worcestershire, while viewing
the Ruins one Evening in approaching Autumn.*

WHILE o'er these haunted hills forlorn I tread,
Strange and alone, my dearest friends all fled ;
My muse would wander as in midnight dreams,
Enraptur'd by these rural, quiet scenes.

Hail beauteous scenes ! which do my soul inspire
To laud the power of sweet poetic fire ;
My feeble mind would energetic prove,
And bid my pen in rhyming fancy move.

'Midst hills and dales the rural scenes unite,
And ancient trees adorn the rugged sight ;
Ah ! how the walls that now in ruin lie,
Arrest my progress when I would pass by.

My startling fancy says, "What is it calls?—
 A voice,—or mouldering heaps of rugged walls?"
 The pile is broken which was once complete,
 The abode of owls, was once a royal seat,

But ah! reflection restless, wonders more,
 To see the turf upon the marble floor;
 Where nobles once, with spirits uncontroll'd,
 Drank costly wine from cups of massy gold.

But now their manes walk the nightly round,
 And lovers, sheltering, start at every sound;
 They listen at the echo of their voice,
 And both embrace the object of their choice.

Now stealing softly from the haunted place,
 Both moving slow, though with their nimblest
 pace;
 The owl, sole tenant of her own domain,
 Affrighted by their shadows, loud exclaims,—

“ What monstrous giants are intruders here?
To break our peace—to harrow up our fear!”
This picture drawn, my wandering fancy found
Proud Cromwell’s conquering troops upon the
ground:—

The walls were scal’d, the iron gates thrown
down,
Despair and grief o’ercame the loyal town;
Mothers and orphans each their loss deplore,
Where peace and comfort fair were known before.

LINES TO MISS W——S,

*From her disconsolate Lover, after a Separation had taken
Place.*

FANNY, farewell! may peace your steps attend,
And smiling fortune prove a constant friend;
Without regret you heard my last adieu,
Nor felt for him who more than dies for you;
You may be right; be prudence still your
guide;
Know your own worth, maintain that female
pride
Becoming all—but, surely, you the most,
Who have more charms than all your sex can
boast:
Against myself this grave advice I send,
For though your lover, I'm as much your friend:

O could my soul, from tyrant passion free,
 Practise those precepts which I send to thee;
 At reason's shrine impetuous love should kneel,
 Nor Fanny know the sore distress I feel:
 Alas! unskill'd to wear the mask of art,
 Love's rapid tide flows freely from my heart.
 I hop'd to hear one tender parting sigh,
 See the big tear stand trembling in thine eye;
 View on thy cheek love's genuine signs ex-
 press'd,
 And snatch thee sobbing to my faithful breast.
 By love subdued, O Fanny! cease to blame
 The wretched victim of too soft a flame;
 Whose timid muse will ne'er this theme renew,
 Love kneels to friendship: charming maid,
 adieu!

GLENFILLAN.

IN pride of heart, Glenfillan rode his little troop
among,

And joyous laugh'd his full dark eye, and jocund
was his song;

His lady's favour in his crest in gallantry he bore,
And cross of red, on shoulder blade, the bold
crusader wore;

An aged man, in tatter'd garb, approach'd his
charger's side,

And, seizing on his bridle rein, in threatening
accents cried,

“Glenfillan! O Glenfillan! list! thine evil for-
tune learn!

Go not to fight the Moslemite, or thou shalt not
return!”

The knight's heel struck his charger's side, as
fiercely he look'd down,

The ray of sunshine left his brow, 'twas clouded
by a frown;

“Peace, dotard, peace!” he sternly said, “old
man, forbear to croak,

Or, by the mass, I'll hang thee up on yonder aged
oak.”

“Glenfillan, thou dost little know what ills thy
steps await,

Urge not thy steed on Palestine, or madly tempt
thy fate;

Thy new-made bride, in widowhood, thy destiny
shall mourn—

Go not to fight the Moslemite, or thou shalt not
return.”

Glenfillan led his trusty band, his pennon floated
wide,

The watery waste was safely pass'd—the wish'd
for land descry'd;

And then, 'midst those of high renown, he claim'd
the meed of fame,

Full well he fought, and nobly sought to earn
himself a name.

Three long and lingering years past o'er—three
years of strife and toil,

And more—Glenfillan bent his course towards
his native soil ;

In thought, he clasp'd his lovely bride,—then
cried aloud in scorn,

“ The dotard lied who prophesied that I should
not return.”

The sun had set on Judah's hills, the night-star
shone serene,

Glenfillan pac'd the vessel's deck, and bless'd the
placid scene !

His good ship as an arrow flew across the yield-
ing main,

Till on a rock, with horrid shock, her bows were
cleft in twain ;

A lengthen'd shriek prevail'd around, again it
rose and fell,

No more was heard,—the angry surge had done
its work too well ;

And, clinging to a drifted spar, the knight away
was borne,

While, as it seem'd, the seamen cry'd—"Thou
never shalt return."

No shrift or prior Glenfillan had,—no effigy or
grave,

The last and bravest of his race repos'd beneath
the wave ;

His castle's site is known no more,—the plough
above it pass'd ;

Near where it stood the beechen wood bends
sadly to the blast :

There stands within a narrow plot, call'd *yet*
Glenfillan's Field,

A cross, whereon is rudely cut his helmet, sword,
and shield !

And on that column may be trac'd, though faint,
and greatly worn,

“Glenfillan fought the Saracens, but never did
return.”

THE
WISH BEFORE MARRIAGE.

I've often wish'd to have a friend,
With whom my choicest hours to spend ;
To whom I safely might impart
Each wish and weakness of my heart ;—

Who might in every sorrow cheer,
And mingle with my grief a tear ;
For whom alone I'd wish to be,
And who would only live for me.

And to secure my bliss for life,
I'd wish my friend to be my wife ;
And train our offspring, while on earth,
As subjects of a heavenly birth.

ON IGNORANCE.

CAN genius give content, or learning ease?
Can thoughts refin'd or deep researches please?
Awhile they may—but soon the bubble's o'er,
Dull ignorance has better joys in store;
'Tis hers to sooth the anguish of mankind,
And make men happy, while she makes them blind.
Could I, like Newton, wander round the pole,
Or search, with Priestley, for a human soul;
The studied search no certain point would find,
But busy doubts distract the wandering mind.
Then to be happy here, and kindly blest,
Study but little, let wild fancy rest;
Tread the plain track our pious fathers trod,
Too little known, the service of a God!

HEAVENLY LOVE.

THOU fairest daughter of the sky,
Bright love, descend on seraph's wing ;
Diffuse thine influence from on high,
And earth shall join thy power to sing.

O! then to William's calm retreat,
Turn, heavenly guest, protectress kind !
O! quickly turn thy hallow'd feet,
And trace thy image in his mind.

And should thy angel-form depart,
Still guard, with thy celestial shield ;
Preserve him safe from every dart,
Detraction's whisper, though conceal'd.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

THE night was in her sable clad,
No friendly star was seen ;
The bleakly shower dispers'd afar,
And sadden'd all the green ;

The weary peasants wrapt in rest ;
No distant sounds were heard ;
Save that from yonder blasted oak,
That lodg'd the wakeful bird ;

When Celia, lost to virtue's rules,
Thus eas'd her burden'd breast ;
Her hand sustain'd her drooping head,
While she her grief express'd ;—

“Why do I tread this unknown path,
The unjust wretch to see;
To plead an injur’d mother’s case?
Sweet babe, it is for thee:—

“Mayst thou, dear innocent, when born,
The paths of virtue tread;
And make atonement for the life
Thy wretched parents led!

“While I, in wilds and deserts dire,
An humble sufferance scan;
And bid this sinful world adieu,
And thou, more sinful man.”

Here grief, o’erwhelming grief, took place;
Sighs fill’d the dark profound;
Her quivering knees each other smote;
She sunk upon the ground.

When, full of wrath, the monster stepp'd
From where he hidden lay,
And at a blow, with malice fell,
He stretch'd her on the clay.

Then from his side a knife he drew,
Oh! dismal tale to tell;
While she to heaven for mercy cries,
To save his soul from hell.

Ye virgins, drop a tender tear,
Bemoan her parting state;
Think on her agonizing pain,
And sad lament her fate.

Now on her bended knees she prays,
The injur'd wretch to spare;
Not for her own, but infant's life,
Its mother's grief to share.

For life she begs, but begs in vain ;
Death, with his clay-cold hand,
Had crompt the roses from her cheek—
She died!— oh! wretched man!—

If thou escap'st a judgment here,
And art not doom'd to die,
Think of a judgment, drawing near,
From which thou canst not fly!

LINES

Written when travelling over a Forest at Midnight.

How awful is the silence of the night !
 Majestic darkness now succeeds the light ;
 Bright Phœbus down the western skies is gone,
 And leaves the world as dreary as the tomb ;
 No pleasing views the fair creation yields,
 Black look the hills, and dismal are the
 fields ;
 The sable clouds eclipse the stars on high,
 And hide the beauties of the canopy.
 O, Luna ! hear, thou silver Queen of Night ;
 Quickly arise ; display thy sacred light ;
 Gild with thy feeble beams, the solemn shade,
 That I may view the hills, and opening glade ;

And may thy train, the stars and planets,
shine,
Proclaiming Him that made them is divine !

THE WATCH.

*An Address to a Watch-Maker, sent with the Author's Watch,
where it had been twice before to be repaired.*

TO MR. S——Y——,

SIR,

MY pocket-companion I have sent you once
more ;

Notwithstanding your care, he's as bad as
before ;

Although in your school he obtain'd good con-
nexions,

Yet still when return'd he had great imperfec-
tions.

His motions are wavering and quite incorrect,

His pulse beating quick, which is one bad de-
fect ;

Also, I perceive that his temper's uneven,
And of that great fault I do beg you'll relieve
him;

Sometimes he so wearieth and sluggishly creeps,
That I oft find him slumbering, and sometimes he
sleeps;

Therefore, I entreat you'll examine and prove,
And his bad dispositions henceforward remove;
It grieves me to think, and I do not recoil,
But I am of opinion his body is foul;
So, purge him and cleanse him from all his pollution,

That his pulse may beat truly in their revolution;

Make him vibrate in motions according to truth,
Resembling my duty in training up youth:
Now again in your hands him once more I shall
place,

And hope that his conduct you'll thoroughly
trace;

And when from his ways he is truly converted,
To agree with these lines I have briefly inserted,
You may then send him back with a considera-
tion,—

With a bill of the charge drawn in strict modera-
tion ;

Then, pleas'd, I will send the remittance to you,
If in case that I find my companion is true. '

THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

Addressed to a Friend who is fond of Tobacco.

"The pipe was his comfort when early in the morn he rose."

O PRECIOUS pipe! thy worth what pen can
name?

Though made from clay, myself am from the
same;

If sad, thy balmy fumes have power to cheer,
If medium temper'd, thou canst keep me there;
With thee I cannot part, until I've done
With every clay-made blessing 'neath the sun;
Thee, fairer than the rest, I'll still enjoy,
So long as I can clay-made lips employ;
Then, when these fail me, I must thee resign,
And to thy mother-clay give this of mine.

SILENT SORROW.



AH! chide me not that o'er my cheek
No tears of silent sorrow steal,
Nor deem the ardent passion weak
My bosom long has learn'd to feel;
No words my secret flame reveal,—
No sighs the tale of love impart,
While looks of outward peace conceal
The sadness of a wounded heart.

Yet do not blame me if awhile
I wear the semblance of repose,
And woo a fleeting summer smile,
To gild the darkness of my woes;

O! 'tis the lingering ray that throws
O'er the dim vale a blaze of light;
And bright in parting splendour glows
The herald of a cheerless night.

LINES

On the Death of Mr. H——r, of Walton upon Trent.

THE man much-lov'd by all around,
Oft breath'd a generous sigh;
He's now no more! but still resounds
His memory to the sky.

A husband kind, and parent dear!
As memory shall record;
For lo! his kindness was sincere,
And faithful was his word.

A partner dear he left behind,
Her loss she must deplore;
For ah! what comfort can she find?
Her husband is no more!

His children too their loss deplore,
Though they've a mother kind;
They weep—their father is no more!
But to his God resign'd.

The rich, the poor, for him do mourn,
And o'er his relics bend;
Bereav'd—distress'd, and quite forlorn,
They much bewail their friend.

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE

Death of the amiable Miss M. T—r,

OF REPTON,

Who died December 23rd, 1826, aged 18 Years.

"The rose may blossom in the morn,
But fade away at noon."

JUST as her charms reveal'd their blushing
bloom,

Just as her virtues shed their sweet perfume,
Touch'd by some blighting wind, or blasting
ray,

Shrunk the gay flower, and droop'd and died
away;

Ah ! what remains but unavailing woe,
Sighs that still heave, and tears that ever flow ;

And fond remembrance that augments the
smart;

And all the thousand pangs that rend the heart?

O resignation! faith's soft soothing child,

Come with thy words,—thy looks divinely mild;

Whose kindest influence lulls to gentle rest,

And pours the balm into the bleeding breast;

Be every passion, every murmur, still,—

Sweet Mary's gone!—resign'd to Heaven's high
will.

Ah! think how soon her earthly race was run,

The end's accomplish'd, and the prize is won;

She's freed from earthly vanities and cares,

Escap'd a thousand ills, a thousand snares;

Yet still, fond thought recalls to mind

Her last embrace, how tender! O how kind!

She cast her deathly eyes on those most dear,

She heav'd a sigh, she dropp'd a parting tear;

With heart-felt grief, her sisters stood around,

To bid farewell in silence all profound;

The last adieu was heard in doleful sighs,
While lo ! her spirit's summon'd to the skies ;
Her broken accents now are heard no more,
Her soul is fled to Zion's happy shore.

LINES TO MY WIFE.

Written on a dark and rainy Day when at Warwick,

May 6th, 1827.

THE rain descends, the skies are dim,
Therefore recluse I'm kept within ;
And, as from business I am free,
My thoughts are truly fix'd on thee,

MY WIFE.

O! could I see thy lovely form,
Instead of viewing thus the storm ;
But ah!—alas! that cannot be,
Although my thoughts are stayed on thee,

MY WIFE.

I'm like a bird of passage grown,
From thee and children oft I roam ;
From town to town and village free
I go, but always think on thee,

MY WIFE.

I often wish it were my lot
To stay with thee within our cot,
In mutual happiness so free,
And shew my warm regard to thee,

MY WIFE.

All hail the day on which we meet !
Triumphant joys of love's retreat ;
And when our earthly pleasures cease,
O ! may I die with thee, in peace,

MY WIFE.

O! may our offspring, while on earth,
Be blessed with a heavenly birth;
And from all guilt and sin be free,
And meet in heaven with thee and me,
MY WIFE.

STANZAS.

AH me! reflection starts with anguish wild,
And bids my tears responsively to flow;
Reminds me of the days when prospects smil'd,
And every breast was warm with friendship's
glow.

When sorrow, or affliction's pain
Around my heart's entwin'd,
I mourn that e'er a gloom should reign,
Where cheering hope did shine.

The glittering stars' refulgent light,
Which happier mortals see,
Though with transcendent lustre bright,
Is ever dim to me.

But I'll implore that Power supreme,
Which gave me first such heart-felt joy;
To yield once more its guiding beam,
The brilliant way-mark to the sky:

Then shall the Eternal Spirit shine,
And point the course I should pursue;
Make me each earth-born care resign,
And keep the sacred end in view.

LINES*

*On the Author's twentieth Year of Age, in which he lost his
left Hand by the bursting of a Gun, in the Year 1816.*

WHEN in my twentieth year of age,
In various scenes I did engage ;
My former pleasures quickly fled,
And gloomy clouds hung o'er my head ;
My heart had never felt dismay,
Until the twentieth day of May ;
When near upon that evening's tide,
I pass'd along the garden side ;
And, as you here shall understand,
I had a gun charg'd in my hand ;

* The Lines were composed by the Author when confined to his bed,
and labouring under the sufferings sustained by the accident.

Some birds were taking of the fruit,
I went with an intent to shoot;
When I'd minutely took my aim,
I felt a trembling seize my frame;
The lock was struck—the fire dispers'd,
The gun was in a moment burst!
And ah! alas! what was my fate,
My heart recoils e'en to relate!
I senseless lay upon the ground,
My streaming blood was all around;
When I'd recover'd from my swoon,
I could but little strength resume;
My shatter'd hand I scarce could view,
Rough scraggs of metal had gone through;
I from the spot could scarcely find
My road, for I was nearly blind;
My thread of life was almost gone,
A locked jaw* had now come on;

* From the immense loss of blood, it had caused the jaw-bone to be locked; which oftentimes proves fatal.

The doctors soon a plan devis'd,
Their judgment had been often tried ;
It was by strength and skill alone,
That they could loose the fasten'd bone ;
The amputation then took place,
I tried all firmness to embrace ;
But Oh ! my thoughts, the dreadful pain
Brought forth my sighs—my tears amain ;
Oh ! 'twas an awful scene indeed,
I thought I felt my heart to bleed ;
I had no friend, my mind to cheer,*
To wipe away the falling tear ;
My sunken eyes, my pallid cheek,
My faltering tongue would something speak ;
My quivering lips would something hint,
In broken accents, not distinct.
My God now rais'd me up again,
And eas'd me of my lingering pain.

* Far away from home and friends, at the time of the accident.

My valued limb is gone!—'tis lost!
No more of it I now can boast;
But still my God I ought to prize,
For he preserv'd my precious eyes;
And, with my life I still am spar'd,
I may repent, and get prepar'd,
To meet at the tribunal seat,
To bow before my Saviour's feet:—
Then may I hear dear Jesus say,
“Come on, ye bless'd, this is your way;
Haste on to Zion's happy shore,
To reign with me for evermore.”

THE
MUSICAL BELLS OF MERIDEN.

WHAT tuneful sounds are those I hear,
Warbling so soft, so sweet, so clear?
'Tis not the night-bird's dulcet lay,
That carols in the month of May,
But floating down the moonlight glen,
They are the bells of Meriden.

Like spell-bound wight, in armour'd hall,
I, listening, heard the water-fall;
And, while the sleeping winds were still,
In yonder wood, on yonder hill,
The turret-clock struck twelve, and then
Chim'd the sweet bells of Meriden.

Ye who for pleasure idly roam,
And willing make an inn your home,
During the live-long summer's day,
Hither repair, and welcome stay,
To hear in this delightful glen,
The soft-ton'd bells of Meriden.

LINES

*On visiting the Shrine of Shakspeare in Stratford upon
Avon Church.*

O SHAKSPEARE! Shakspeare! I am near thy
dust;

Beneath, thy bones—above my head, thy bust!
Though fairer marble deck the spacious dome,
Be doubly honour'd thine immortal tomb;
Thou, whom the sons of men for ever style
The pride and honour of the British Isle;
Avonion Bard! with warmth this heart of mine
Would humbly bow and bend before thy shrine,—
Kiss the cold slab that wraps from human sight
Him, who gave genius life, and nature light;
Yet let me cease the strain of needless praise,
And yield to others who have nobler lays;

ON VISITING SHAKSPEARE'S SHRINE. 87

**Enough for me awhile to linger here,
And drop the silent tributary tear!**

LINES

On the Death of an amiable Child.

ADIEU! thou short-liv'd charm, adieu!
Just shewn and banish'd from our view!
A thousand hopes,—thy parents' pride,
And fondest wishes, with thee died;
Those pallid cheeks no more we view
Outlive the morn's vermilion hue;
No more our eager thoughts presage
The beauties of her ripen'd age;
Within the fondling mother's breast,
She saw her youthful form confess'd;
No more she hangs upon her smiles,
Her lisping lips, her mimic wiles;
Farewell! thou short-liv'd charm, farewell!
O may'st thou e'er with Jesus dwell!

To the Memory
OF
A DEPARTED FRIEND.

O WONDROUS Power! that views my humble
muse,

And knows the workings of my throbbing
heart,

The spirit of the just in me infuse,
That I from virtue never may depart.

To drop a tear upon departed worth,
Is all the rustic bard has to bestow;
Respect is due unto our kindred earth,
But mine the tribute of the deepest woe.

Ah! faithful memory, while thou dost reign,
 My eyes can ne'er keep back the flowing tear;
 Ah no! oblivion's charms I court in vain,
 I cannot lose her form—her face so dear.

But now in dreary solitude I roam,
 And count the tedious moments as they fly;
 The silent grove is where I find a home—
 There, undisturb'd, I vent the painful sigh.

Tranquil the feelings of the good and just;
 Such were my friend's, the mildest of the mild;
 In her Redeemer she did faithful trust,
 And calmly on eternity she smil'd.

Her lips I kiss'd though fetter'd fast in death,
 The last fond look I gave, and left the room;
 And, with an aching heart and sobbing breath,
 I saw her laid within the loathsome tomb.

O Power Supreme! All-good, All-wise,
Who took her spirit to the realms of joy,
That paradise above the blue arch'd skies,
To taste the pleasures that will never cloy,—

O Power Benign! that views my humble muse,
And knows the workings of my throbbing heart,
The spirit of the just in me infuse,
That I from virtue never may depart.

THERE IS A SMILE, &c.'

THERE is a smile which often plays

With seeming gladness on the cheek ;

A smile which speaks of outward ease,

Although the uneasy bosom break ;

When it appears to light the eye,

We think we see contentment there ;

Yet scarce it hides the deep-heav'd sigh—

Yet scarce conceals the glistening tear :

So when we view the glow-worm's rays,

The sparkling gem we ne'er suspect,

Nor think the shining insect preys

On the young leaf it seems to deck.

STANZAS

*On viewing the Mansion and Gardens of the Earl of Plymouth,
at Hewell, July 2nd, 1827.*

THE MANSION.

HAIL, beauteous mansion! whose majestic form
Has caught my stedfast and admiring gaze;
The grand erection, grac'd with many a charm,
Forms a fit subject for the poet's lays.

In musing, pleasing thought, I look'd around,
Review'd, and re-review'd the stately dome;
Where taste refin'd and genius stand display'd,
To grace the pleasing and attractive home.

THE GARDENS.

O sweet enchantment! fram'd by nature's power,
Amidst the mazes of this sylvan scene;
Here I enjoy the solitary bower,
And here the verdant beauties smile serene.

Amidst these devious walks I love to stray,
And hear the rippling waters gently roll;
It seems to steal each woe-born thought away,
And soothe the tumults of the troubled soul.

These mingled charms, so marvellously wrought,
With lively pleasure fix the wondering sight,
Exalt the mind, inspire becoming thought,
And fill the ravish'd senses with delight.

There I would sing the grotto's calm retreat,
Where art, assisting nature, charms my sight;

And thither tempt the stranger's wandering feet,
Where freshening zephyrs do the bard invite.

Taste there her thousand graceful forms arrays,
And varied beauties weave a magic chain ;
'Tis there the gurgling fountain gaily plays,
And sylphs and naiads hold their peaceful
reign.

Would that my pen had skill and power to paint
The raptur'd feelings which these scenes in-
spire ;
Its feeble touches are too poor and faint,
They lack the genius of poetic fire.

AN ADDRESS
TO
THE AUTHOR OF THE "THRASHER,"
After reading a Part of his Manuscripts.

BY MR. JAMES HATTON.

Worcester, 1827.

No parasite, with passion feign'd,
Attempts his humble village-lore ;
'Tis from a heart to friendship train'd,
I add this tribute to thy store.

With nature's art, and freedom's will,
I dedicate in simple lay ;
But ah ! too true, I've not the skill,
To issue forth one feeble ray.

Moorhouse, in thee I find a treasure,
 Nor of neglect do I complain;
 Long in my memory time will measure
 Thy friendship, and thy lively strain.

No pedant, with officious worth,
 Up to Parnassus dares to climb;
 'Tis friendship gives my thoughts a birth,
 And God who gives me skill to rhyme.

Could I as deftly wield the quill
 As you, my cheerful Repton bard;
 I'd sit me by some murmuring rill,
 And write, to find a like reward.

Ye wood-nymphs, hasten to his bower,
 Ye peaceful zephyrs, o'er him reign;
 Fortune, thy gifts upon him shower,
 And, Salus,* keep him far from pain.

* Goddess of Health.

O may Lubentia* be thy bride !
 And Mnemosyne,† in all her art,
 Over thy favour'd brain preside,
 That thou may'st plead the Thrasher's part.

Thy Thrasher is true nature's queen,
 (For I can mow, sow, reap, and thrash ;)
 And he who's view'd its every scene,
 Can never say thou'st written trash.

Let well-fed fools, with insult sneer,
 And critics *thrash* with envy's stroke ;
 Thy patrons' names thy course shall steer,
 Their malice and their wit provoke.

O Moorhouse ! Moorhouse ! what's this life,
 Without we love—are lov'd by others !
 The bosom fill'd with envious strife,
 The worst of worthless men discovers.

* Goddess of Pleasure.

† Goddess of Memory.

I've view'd this life with steady care,
And seen mankind cheat one another,
And with ingratitude's rough ware,
Brother act unkind to brother!

But God is just in all his power,
In what he gives, or yet denies;
With smiles I'll meet the varying hour,
And learn my Maker's love to prize.

Together we have sung "All's Well,"
And many other lively strain:
But soon, ah, soon! the passing-bell
May call us on our last campaign.

'Tis thine, religion, us to guide,
And lead us through the vale of death;
Then, while the earth our frame shall hide,
Our soul inhales immortal breath!

Write on, and merit's just regard
 Will hail thy lines with pure delight ;
The muses hold thee as their ward,
 Inspir'd by them, thou must be right.

So when the Thrasher, Father Time,—
 Shall bid his footman (Kill-all) Death
To send you to a better clime,
 May you with pleasure yield your breath !

ON MISSPENT TIME.



FROM boyish days, to manhood's prime,
Men seldom think of Father Time,
And use him oftentimes sadly;
They say, " Could we retain the road,
Ourselves from faults we would unload,
We would not act so madly. "

'Tis thus men talk, and that is all,
Until eternity doth call;
When Time says, " Friend, you're dying: "
And then, if they could longer live,
They would their earthly treasure give;
But Time says, " No: I'm flying."

Stretch'd on the bed of death, in pain,
Conscience, then rushing to the brain,
Brings forth his bill of errors ;
The hour-glass rais'd—the end is run,
And all our works on earth are done ;
The soul finds bliss, or terrors.

ON THE
SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

WHEN January-month comes in,
Then a new year we do begin,
 To pass our time away ;
No fragrant flower there's to be found,
Upon the waste and dreary ground,
 But all is in decay.

When the first month, so call'd, is gone,
Then February doth come on,
 With frosts and sleets of snow,
Which quickly stop the murmuring brooks ;
The fruitless forest barren looks,
 And storms and tempest blow.

Then rugged March, the next we find,
With storms of hail, and blustering wind,
When rooks begin to pair ;
The primrose and the violets blue,
Display their pale and pleasing hue,
To shew us spring is near.

Next April comes with gentle showers,
And brings to light the different flowers
Which deck the meadows fine ;
The feather'd throng employ their throats,
And tune their pretty warbling notes,
While all in concert join.

Now comes the pleasant month of May,
When cowslips spring, and young lambs play,
And coos the turtle-dove ;
The pretty milkmaid she doth trail,
Under her cow, to fill her pail :—
Each maiden has her love.

Then comes the cheerful month of June,
When roses yield their sweet perfume,
Which bloom and fade away ;
(O ! then the days are at their length,)
Just like a man, who in his strength
So quickly doth decay.

July doth next its course begin ;
The hay so sweet we gather in,
And mind to get it dry ;
Each lad and lass, without delay,
With rake and fork improve the day,
Our cattle to supply.

August its plenty does display,
Which will the labourer's toil repay,
The sickle now prepare ;
With cheerful heart and ready hand,
The crops are clear'd from off the land,
O then we happy are !

September will in order come,
 And if you've got your harvest home,
 And set secure and dry ;
 - The labourers hasten, with the morn,
 To thrash and winnow out the corn,
 And furnish a supply.

October does its work present,
 For then to sow we are intent,
 If now the weather's fine ;
 The seed lies buried in the ground,
 But, as the rolling months go round,
 'Tis perfected in time.

November with its dreary gloom
 Brings winter here, removes the bloom,
 And days decline apace ;
 Just like the life of mortal man,
 His lot is fix'd—his earthly span,
 And soon he runs his race.

December comes with rugged frost,

The beauties of the year are lost,

And days at shortest are :

No man his *Maker* can engage,

To lengthen out his pilgrimage ;

The voice is heard—"Prepare!"

Prepare! for here as in a glass,

You see how weeks and months do pass,

How soon the year is gone!

The reaper, Death, before us stands,

Swift to obey the high commands

Of Him who speaks—'tis done!

HARMONY.

O HARMONY! thou tenderest nurse of pain,
If truly thy sweet magic e'er can heal
Griefs which the patient spirit oft may feel,
O! let me listen to thy songs again,
Till memory her pleasing thoughts shall bring,
Hope wake with brighter eye, and, listening,
seem
With smiles to think on some delightful dream,
That o'er the senses spreads its gladsome wing;
For when thou bringest forth thy soothing
strains,
So gently flowing, then the passions meet
In one suspended transport, sad and sweet,
And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains;

That when the transitory charm is o'er,
Just wakes a tear, and grief is felt no more.

PARTING LINES

*To W. V. Moorhouse, on leaving his House after paying
him a Visit, by his sincere Friend, J. H.*

O MOORHOUSE! would my muse could now
impart

The friendly feelings which my breast conceals!
But words are weak, expression has no dart,
And speaks but faintly what my bosom feels.

For long as memory o'er my busy brain
Shall bring remembrance back to think of
thee,
It will not, cannot, think on thee in vain:—
E'en what you found me, such I'll ever be.

Till Tyrant Death shall give the fatal blow,
Our faithful banner shall be still unfurl'd;
Inscrib'd upon it shall be seen, "No foe
Shall separate us in a better world."

Approv'd of Him whose boundless mercy there
Yields purest pleasure to their joyous strain,
Where all annoyance ends, and every fear :—
We shall not then have liv'd, nor died in vain!

•

SMILES AND TEARS.

BOTH smiles and tears belong to joy,
And both belong to sorrow ;—
To youth, to age, to man and boy,
And woman's charms they borrow.

Tears oft are shed where joy is deep ;
We laugh when grief is wild ;
And at one time will laugh and weep
The old man and the child.

The heart that's breaking laughs—ay, laughs ;
The heart o'erjoy'd will mourn ;
E'en when the raptur'd bowl he quaffs,
Poor man may be forlorn.

The maniac laughs within his cell ;
The king weeps on his throne ;
And sadness often is a spell
None but the happy own.

Beauty is queen of smiles and tears ;
In smiles she triumphs,—let her !
But fairer far in grief appears,
And love then loves her better.

Yes! smiles and tears belong to love,
And love hath joy and sorrow ;
It shineth like a star above,
That grace from gloom doth borrow:—

It shineth like a star above,
Through rain, light sweetly beaming:—
How beautiful in tears is love,
Through which a smile is gleaming!

LINES

On the Death of the

LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE G. CANNING.

YES! thou art gone! thy weeping country's
stay!

The splendid meteor of the transient day!
How short thy date! how premature thy doom!
How quick thy passage to the envious tomb!
Scarce had thy soaring wing its plumage found,
When lightning came, and dash'd it to the
ground:

Scarce had thy rosebud blossom'd on its spray,
When winter came, and wither'd it away;
Yet time shall hold thy sacred memory dear,
Thy fame shall rise from out the lowly bier;

LINES ON THE LATE G. CANNING. 115

Freedom's fair form shall hover o'er thy shrine,
The guardian genius of her son divine ;
In history's page thy name shall never die,
Till time shall yield to dread eternity.

August 14th, 1827.

THE COMPARISON.



THE cold rude blast of winter hath pass'd by,
And earth will wake again in loveliness;
She will be young again, again will bless
The sight, when glowing in the summer sky:—
But man may mark his desolate distress!
The summer will return,—again return,
While lifeless man beneath the clod we
mourn,
And him no powers revive,—no eye can bless:—
For him, one season only is his doom,
One youth, one spring—but one—one summer's
glow,
One fatal winter—two he ne'er shall know,
One final home is his—the dreary tomb!

But Revelation carries us above

**This mournful view, and shews us light and
love.**

AN ADDRESS TO MY PEN.

THOU dear companion of each vacant hour,
Well pleas'd I view thee, and confess thy power.
Now Phœbus faintly gilds the faded plains,
Blow the bleak winds; and beat the wintry rains;
The yellow groves their falling honours mourn,
And cavern'd rocks and dells their sighs return;
The drooping warblers seek the closest shade,
Nor with their wild notes cheer the lonely glade;
A melancholy gloom involves the sky;
And the last blooms of vernal Flora die;—
Yet by thy stroke the vegetative race
In fair succession rise with lasting grace;
And in this dreary hour thy aid can form
A flowery landscape, that defies the storm.

With magic power thou bidd'st the tender fawn
Crop the fresh buds, and wanton o'er the lawn;
And Philomela, with melodious airs,
In dark December, charm a lover's cares;
The groves resound, and on the smiling plains,
Herds, flocks, and shepherds, join their mutual
 strains.

When Whitehead guides the quill, entranc'd we
 hear

Extatic sounds; elysian scenes appear.

Hark! Thenot grieves! what nymph but heaves
 a sigh?

See! Leda smiles! love brightens every eye!

With thee, when night extends her darken'd
 reign,

And flitting shadows haunt the dreary plain,
While youths and virgins lead the mazy round,
And, raptur'd, melt to music's soothing sound,
Alone I sit, and tune my doric lyre
To strains that love and innocence inspire;

When storms descend, and raging waters roll,
To intercept the friend that shares my soul;
Then you my kindest, truest thoughts impart,
Disclose the inmost secrets of my heart;
To foreign climes transmit the tender sigh,
Or call forth pity from the distant eye;
Paint the gay thought, and bid the sprightly
tale

O'er wintry skies and lurid spleen prevail;
When anxious care involves my aching breast,
With thee I charm my troubled mind to rest;
In fancy's painted fields with pleasure rove,
Or dream, delighted, in some fairy grove;
Where, spite of frost, the bubbling fountains flow,
New zephyrs soothe me, and new roses blow.

JOYLESS JOYS.

Oh! when the heart is cold and sad,
How worthless seem the joys of earth!
And when the mind's in mourning clad,
How joyless sounds the voice of mirth!

It is a mockery of grief,
A pendent star of sparkling dew
Upon the autumn's faded leaf,
Where verdure cannot live anew;—

A rose which sheds its fragrancy,
And opens all its richest bloom,
Beneath the shadow of that tree
Which hovers o'er the noisome tomb;—

A floweret, blooming o'er a grave,
The wild luxuriance of an hour ;
The slender grass, oft seen to wave
So blithly o'er the crumbling tower.

THE PRESENT
AND
THE TIME TO COME.

HARK! hark those bells! December's dirge they
ring—

December's last farewell! yet still they bring
A cheering sound, some little cause of mirth,
December's death gives January birth!
The face is new, and in our bosoms rise
A hope, that every year will, as it flies,
But add some joy, some comfort, or some friend,
And see some pleasure rise, some sorrow end.
Yes! and how deep they strike on every heart!
How varied are the motions they impart!
Some fond remembrance, or some sad regret,
Is felt by all. In social love are met

Friends, separated by the hand of time,
And now return'd, who hear the pleasing chime ;
But many, in the year which just has fled,
Have droop'd, and now are number'd with the
dead ;

And many blighted hopes have been renew'd ;
And many pleasures in perspective view'd :
And as these bells will merrily chime on
When many who now hear them will be gone,—
O may the sound its due reflection bring,
And teach our souls to fear the Eternal King !

A POEM ON WOMAN.

WHO, in this world of care and strife,
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,
As friend, companion, or as wife?

'Tis Woman.

Who, by a thousand tender wiles,
By fond endearments, and by smiles,
Our bosom of its grief beguiles?

'Tis Woman.

From whom, so much, do pleasures flow?
Who draws the scorpion-sting of woe,
And makes the heart with pleasure glow?

'Tis Woman.

Who, of a nature more refin'd,
Doth soften man's rude, stubborn mind,
And make him gentle, mild, and kind?

'Tis Woman.

Who binds us all to one another,
With tender ties, of father, mother,
Of husband, children, sister, brother?

'Tis Woman.

When, hours of absence past, we meet,
Say who, enraptur'd, runs to greet
Our glad return with kisses sweet?

'Tis Woman.

Who, by a word, a touch, a sigh,
The simple glancing of her eye,
Can fill the soul with ecstasy?

'Tis Woman.

Eden she lost, ensnar'd by vice ;
But well has she repaid the price,
While earth is made a paradise

By Woman.

Bid me, with mandate stern, repair,
To cope with *anguish, death, despair* :—
All, all, undaunted, I could bear

For Woman.

Place me upon some distant shore,
Round which the angry tempests roar,
My constant heart should still think more

Of Woman.

Guide me to mountains white with snow,
Where chilling winds for ever blow,
E'en there, contented, I would go,

With Woman.

Deep, deep, within the mountain's side,
I'd dig a cavern for my bride,
And there my treasure I would hide,
My own dear Woman!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

FAIR Star of the Evening, how soft is thy ray!

Thy splendour how lovely! how clear is thy
light!

Thou seemest to bid a farewell to the day,

And to hail the approach of all-shadowing
night.

With pleasure I view thee, yet mingled with sadness,
ness,

As I think how the glory of daylight is fled,
That past are the hours of business and glad-
ness,

That vanish'd is beauty, and nature is dead.

But yet I'll not view thee with feelings of sorrow,
For nature and gladness will burst forth again;
And glory will rise with the sun of to-morrow,
And beauty and life will revisit the plain.

Still, still thou dost tell me the night of the grave
To the day-time of life will too quickly succeed;
When the charms of the fair, and the deeds of
the brave,
And the poet that sang them, there is no one
will heed.

But O! there's a morning, whose dawning so
bright,
Shall rouse man from his slumbers to beauty
and bloom;
A sun shall arise, and his glorious light
Shall scatter the clouds which hang over the
tomb.

POVERTY.

O POVERTY! though from thy haggard eye,
Thy cheerless mien, of every charm bereft,
Thy brow, that hope's last traces long have
left,

Vain fortune's gaudy sons with terror fly,—

I love thy solitary haunts to seek ;

For pity, reckless of her own distress,

And patience, in the pall of wretchedness,

That turns to the bleak storm her faded cheek ;

And gentleness, that never told her wrong ;

And meek content, whose griefs no more re-
bel ;

And genius, warbling sweet her saddest knell ;

And sorrow, listening to a lost friend's song ;

Long banish'd from the world's insulting tongue ;
With thee, and thy unfriended offspring, dwell ;
A lovely train ! whose lessons never fail to tell
The way of bliss—O happy, consecrated throng !

TIME.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest, unperceiv'd, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows so freely,—destitute of fear,—
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile,—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

ELEGIAC LINES

*On the Death of my Wife's Sister Jane, who died in the
Year 1824, aged 19 Years.*

ALAS! those smiling features now are fled;
Her soul is gone, and left the body dead!
No more she feels the ruthless sting of Death,
No more she draws her faintly throbbing breath.
O cruel Death! with thy resistless dart,
So fatal hurling at her tender heart,
Say were there none who wish'd and long'd for
thee,—
No captive prisoner, anxious to be free?
Why clasp her in thy icy, cold embrace,
And bid us, mourning, view the vacant place?
Snatch'd from us all, when in the bloom of youth,
The maid of virtue, loveliness, and truth.

A tranquil tear evinc'd her feelings deep,
To see her dearest friends around her weep :
She bade farewell to this vain world of woes,
Exclaiming—"Jesus, take me to repose ;
O Saviour ! take me, ere my spirit roam ;
O take me, Jesus, to thy heavenly home !"
The angelic choir attun'd their harps on high,
And, joyful, hail'd our sister to the sky.
When ghastly death and cruel pain combin'd,
She was most fully to her God resign'd :
Oft did her voice break forth in sweetest strain,
"Soon I shall soar beyond the reach of pain :
Weep not," she said ; "my soul will find that
 shore
Where grief and torturing pain are felt no
 more ;
I, cheerful, bow to him who gave me breath ;
At his bless'd will I gladly yield to death !"
She cast a heavenly look on those most dear,—
A farewell look,—then left us sorrowing here.

Now with her Saviour, joys unceasing rise,
While all his beauties bless her wondering eyes.
—May we, dear Jane, thy footsteps duly trace!
That, with thee, we may see Him face to face:—
Triumphant rise, and land on Canaan's shore,
Where perfect bliss shall reign for evermore!

ON MANKIND.

As virtues grace the worst of men,
And failures taint the best,
They ne'er too hastily should be
Rejected, or caress'd.

Too oft, with undistinguish'd zeal,
We censure, or commend;
With too much hate, pursue a foe,
With too much love, a friend.

APRIL DAY.—TO NARCISSA.

WHILE April morn her folly's throne exalts;
While Joe calls Nell, and laughs because she
halts;
While Nell meets Tom, and says his shoe is
loose,
Then laughs in turn, and calls poor Thomas
goose;—
Let us, my muse, through other subjects rove,
And learn some moral—true—from treacherous
love.
O goddess! thou that dost inspire my lay,
To fair Narcissa useful hints display.
Her faith engag'd, her choice by all approv'd,
The fair Belinda had confess'd she lov'd;

No longer lurk'd conceal'd love's powerful dart,
That from the unerring bow had pierc'd the
heart;

Her generous mind the noble flame avow'd,
And chose young Vincent from the admiring
crowd;

Her Vincent's love the grateful choice repaid—
He long had lov'd, he long had woo'd the
maid:

What transport seiz'd him when her hand he
press'd,

With strong emotion, to his glowing breast!

His beating heart a passage scarce affords,

His joys to utter, with enraptur'd words:—

“And will Belinda, then, her hand resign,

Consent to bless me, and be wholly mine?

Shall I possess those charms, celestial charms,

And close thee, fervent, in my faithful arms?

Ye gods! what joys my future life shall know,

While all my cares are soften'd here below!”—

Thus sigh'd the swain, in love, his soul away,
Soft echoing sighs from her the youth repay,
And smiles alternate mutual love convey.
This month, this happy month, whose frequent
 showers
Bedew the earth, and call forth fragrant flowers,
This month was fix'd to end the pains of love,
Retain its joys, but all its fears remove.
Of mutual love, unbosom'd thus, ah! say,
What turn of fortune could the rites delay?
Meanwhile a fop, with lust, beholds her charms,
And well enforc'd with wealth, and coated arms,
Belinda's parents for Belinda sues:—
What parents yet would rank and wealth refuse?
Riches to them all mortal hopes display,
Their powers they paint, and urge her to obey;
Tell of each pageant joy they bring, and shew
From wealth alone springs happiness below;
With wealth come honour, dignity, and fame;
While love's an empty and ignoble name!

Belinda long the mighty force withstood
Of riches, titles, dignity, and blood;—
Long firm remain'd, long to her Vincent true,
Yet wish'd these honours were young Vincent's
too:

Her heart, a heart of all her sex the pride,
Was still, alas! to vanity allied;
Her throbbing bosom mighty contests move,
Fame and precedence militate with love!
But mark the end—the mind, ungovern'd, rolls
Through passion's sand-banks, and o'er fancy's
shoals;

Reason turns cunning, love becomes intrigue,
And all the feelings against virtue league;
Loathsome is home, where strife disgust begets;
Abroad springs wanton love, and honour-debts;
Divorce succeeds—they separate bed and board;
All scorn Belinda, once so much ador'd!
And now, Narcissa, would the plaintive muse,
Through this Belinda, all thy sex accuse?

No, surely not! we may with reason plead,
And shew, that by the pink oft springs the weed;
That while rank herbs throughout the soil abound,
And challenge fight, by rearing high around,
The modest violet seeks contentment calm,
And spreads, unseen, her fragrance and her balm.





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